Vol. III. Numb. 76.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amusements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are Added the most

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domestick.

Perform'd by some of the Society of GENTLEMEN, Concern'd in the First and Second VOLUME, with the Assistance of other Ingenious PERSONS.

From Monday September 18th. to Wednesday September 20th. 1710.

Courteous Gentlemen,

Q. YOUR *Ingenious and Satisfactory Answers, to the most Intricate Propositions, encourage me to expect (with the first Opportunity) your Sentiments upon these Words in the* 1 Epistle *of St.* John, 5. Chap. *and* 17. Verse.

All Unrighteousness is Sin: And there is a Sin not unto Death.

The Romish *Division of Sin, into Mortal and Venial, seems to me, not to be Inconsistent with the same; but I shall suspend my Judgment 'till you favor with an Answer,*

Your most Hearty Well wisher and Admirer, F——. C——.

A. No Doubt the Division of Sin into Mortal and Venial is very well Grounded upon this Text, tho' not according to the Notion which the *Romanist's* have of it. For by *Mortal Sins* they understand such as are in their own Nature Unpardonable, rendring a Man wholly Averse to God and Meriting Eternal Punishment. But *Venial Sins*, are such as admit of an easy Expiation, being so Light in their own Nature, that they cannot deprive any one of the Grace of God, or render him Worthy of Eternal Death. The Distinction, we say, in this Sense is Repugnant to many Texts of Scripture. As, *Cursed is every one that continueth not in all Things which are Written in the Book of the Law to do them*, and, *The Soul that Sinneth it shall Dye*, and again, *Whosoever shall keep the whole Law, and yet offend in one Point, he is Guilty of all.* Now tho' we readily grant, that there is a great Inequality in Sins, and that some render a Man more Obnoxious to the Wrath of God, and to a greater Degree of Punishment than Others; yet there is none so little but what is in its own Nature Mortal, and deserves Eternal Punishment. As again there is none so great (excepting that against the Holy Ghost) but what according to the Terms of the New Covenant, may by the Grace of God be Pardoned. The Sins therefore which are Venial, are not so Denominated out of Respect to their own Nature but to the Divine Constitution. And it is with Respect to the Divine Constitution, as we take it, that St. *John* says, *There is a Sin unto Death*, and *a Sin not unto Death.* By the first of which he undoubtedly means only the Sin against the Holy Ghost, because he seems to forbid Praying for it; a Thing which may Lawfully and ought to be done for any other Sin how great soever. And under the latter he comprehends all other Sins.

Q. APOLLO, *If a Man makes a Vow that he will Trouble any particular Person or House after his Death, say, does it lye in his Power or no?*

Yours, N. X.

A. We desire to be excused from giving our Opinion upon Questions of this Nature, to which the only Answers that can be returned, must be Conjectures without Proof, and therefore neither Instructive nor Satisfactory to the Publick.

Q. Gentlemen, *Please to Oblige my self and the Publick with your Opinion, what was the Reason of the Poet* Ovid's *Disgrace and Banishment.*

Your Servant and Admirer, W. Smith.

A. In a Manuscript of *Pomponius Lætus* found in the *Vatican* Library, there is a short Account of the Life of *Ovid*; in which it is said of him, that *Augustus* had a Suspicion, that he had an Intrigue with his Neice *Julia* who was afterwards Banished (as *Suetonius* tells us) for her Scandalous Lewd Life; and that *Corinna* whom he so often Celebrates as his Mistriss in his Epistles was only a feigned Name for this Neice of *Augustus.* Hence, as another Writer tells us, those Epistles were Burnt after his Death for Treasonable Papers. The Suspicion of this Intrigue was the undoubted Cause of his Banishment, tho' the apparent or pretended Reason why *Augustus* was so Severe upon him might be, as others report, his endeavoring to Debauch the Age with his Lewd Writings. Some

assign another Reason for his Banishment, and pretend, that he being by Accident privy to an Intrigue in which *Augustus* himself was concerned, was Banished to prevent his reporting it. But granting that he was so, it is not in the least probable that Banishment cou'd be the best means of making him suppress a Scandal, which he wou'd rather be thereby the more provoked to Divulge and Perpetuate by his Writings.

Q. Gentlemen, *I have been Credibly inform'd that, that Eminent* Oculist, *Mr.* Grant, *hath lately brought to Sight a Young Woman at* Rotherhith, *who was Born Blind, now supposing a Marriage was Consummated between her and* William Jones *of* Newington Butts, *who was also Born Blind, and brought to Sight by the same Artist. Query, Whether, if they two shou'd have Children they wou'd not also be Born Blind?*

A. Their Children wou'd not be in the least more likely to be Born Blind because their Parents were, for the same Reasons, which we formerly gave to a Question, *viz.* Whether the Children of Parents who were Born Lame, wou'd also be Lame. But if all other Circumstances accorded, we think it might be a very proper Match, by Reason, shou'd any of their Children happen to be Born Blind, they wou'd doubtless readily agree in applying themselves to the Author of their own wonderful Cures; besides they might be extremely entertaining to each other, by comparing the Ideas conceiv'd by 'em of things, before they were brought to Ocular Demonstration; and Curious *Phænomena* of Natural Instinct, might also be discover'd thereby. On this occasion we cannot forbear, both in Respect to that great Artist, and for the Benefit of Mankind, to declare, that by the wonderful Cures of his, which have come to our Knowledg, we think him one of the most Successful Proficients in his way as either this or any former Ages have produc'd, and that his Genuine Skill Merits far greater Reputation, than some others with all their Art and Industry have endeavor'd to *Forge* for themselves.

Q. Gentlemen, *I find in the* I. Vol. *of the* British Apollo, *several Accounts concerning Water Spouts, which* Phænomena *(tho' not doubting the Truth of the Informations) differing very much from those I saw, I thought it not improper to give your Learned Society an exact Relation of them, it seeming impossible they should proceed from Subterranean Fires, as you Suggest. Some Years past in the Month of* September, *being on Board a* French *Vessel off the Isle of* Cyprus, *one Morning about* 8 *of the Clock, looking towards the Heavens, I observ'd, to my great Surprize, a Cloud Trembling in a strange disorder, like a Living Creature in Convulsions, and* 4 *or* 5 *Minutes after it thrust forth a Pillar to appearance about the Circumference of the Monument, which leisurely descended, not in a Perpendicular, but an Oblique Line, somewhat bending Arch-ways. When it reach'd the Water the Sea began to Foam and Rage with Fury (our Ship being not a League from it) at first it was of a bright dusky Color, but soon grew dark at the bottom; which blackness ascended and spread itself through the whole Body of the Cloud. It continued in this Posture (driving with the Wind) about a Quarter of an Hour, then retir'd gradually into the Cloud and Sail'd away together. In* 3 *Hours time* 8 *of these Spouts appear'd, each belonging to a several Cloud, and making all the same Operations, only one was something more remarkable, for the Pillar having sunk half way to the Surface of the Ocean, hung in the Air a while as if it wanted matter to extend itself further, then shrunk up again for fresh Recruits, and in* 10 *Minutes time (for I narrowly Watch'd the Cloud) it made another Essay, performing what the rest had done. The Clouds were at an usual height, the Weather Fair, a Moderate Gale, at* W. S. W. *and continued so all Day. This I assure you is Matter of Fact to a Title, tho' wanting Terms of Art not so well expressed by,*

Your Admiring Subscriber and most Humble Servant, M. G.

Post-script,

Pray, Pardon my Impertinence in repeating some Maggotty Thoughts in Doggrel then Compos'd.

——The strangeness of the Sight,
Did put my Rambling Muse *upon her Flight;*
I fancy'd first Jove *was about to Dine,*
And wanted Water to allay his Wine;
That Ganymede *had dropt his Master's Cup,*
And Mercury *then stoop'd to take it up;*
Next judg'd the Drunken Cloud hav'ng spent it's [Rain,
Thrust forth it's Thirsty Muzzle to the Main,
And took a Swinging Draught to spew again.

A. We have taken the Liberty to Insert this for the Entertainment of the Curious Reader, tho' it does not properly fall under the Notion of a Question, nor is there any thing in it that demands our Answer, saving that we return our Thanks to the Gentleman for his Civility in Communicating this to us. We might indeed from hence take an Occasion to inquire into the Cause and Nature of Spouts. But Natural Philosophers having not yet fully examined this Subject by way of Experiments, we shall not amuse the Reader either with our own or others Conjectures concerning it.

POEMS.

Q. SOL's *Chearful Glories from the World were fled,*
And Sable Night the Weary Globe o'erspread;
When I ——
Fatigu'd with Bus'ness of the new-past Day,
Dissolv'd in Peaceful Ease, and silent Slumbers lay.

Whilst thus I did my Fainting strength renew,
A grateful Vision offer'd to my view.

A Fantome *entred with Majestic Mein,**
Bright was his Aspect and his Soul Serene;
Upon his Head a Diadem was plac'd,
And his Right Hand a Regal Scepter Grac'd;
A Royal Robe his Substance did Invest,
His Air, his Dress, his Face some Mighty Prince *[Confest.*

Surpriz'd, methought, I rose, Obeysance paid,
And Rev'rently approach'd the Royal Shade;
But Gods *who can my pleasing Transport tell,*
When from his Lips these Rapt'rous Accents fell,

* *Charles* the II. late King of *Spain.*

I'm

I'm He who late Iberia's *Scepter sway'd,*
He whom her Loyal Sons with Pride Obey'd;
E'er Bourbon's Perjur'd Race *Usurp'd the Crown,*
And made 'em Vassals to a Tyrant's Frown.

Long have you Groan'd beneath the Galling Yoke,
And seem'd in vain Heav'n's Vengeance to Invoke,
But now Rejoice th' appointed Time draws near,
When Treach'rous Gallia's *Wiles shall cost her Dear;*
Once more you shall your Liberties regain,
And ‡ France's Viceroy *quit Deserted* Spain;
A Legal Monarch *now shall mount the Throne,*
And Rule the Kingsdom rightfully his own.

I see, I see, th' Austrian Eagle *Rise,*
With stiffest Pinions thro' th' Expanse he Flies,
Then bless the Pow'rs Divine, extol the Brave Allies.

He ceas'd; and a more Chearful Air put on,
Whilst awfully I bow'd, and thus begun.

How shall I as I ought my Thanks express,
For those Important Truths your Words Confess?
Thou (happy Being) from vain Cares art freed,
Nor Us, or our Assistance e'er can'st need;

Now, if my Inquisition ben't a Crime,
Vouchsafe to signify the wish'd-for Time,
When Peace and Liberty shall be restor'd,
And Spain *shall Recognize her Lawful Lord.*

I can no more (th' Illustrious Ghost *reply'd)*
All beyond this, by partial Fate's deny'd;
But if you would obtain your last Request,
And free from Anxious Doubts your Lab'ring Breast,
Near where Thamesis *cuts his Sacred way,*
And Limpid-Streams in Wanton Mazes Play;
Where Proud Augusta *rears her Tow'ring Head,*
And Anna's *Acts outcry those of the Mighty Dead:*
To' Indulgent Gods *an* ORACLE *have plac'd,*
With Unexausted stores of Heav'nly Science grac'd,
As from their Source, thence Wit and Learning flow,
And there you'll hear what you desire to know.

He said, and disappearing from my Sight,
The Unbody'd Spector flew to blissful Fields of Light.

Say now, Ye Bards, *who can alone descry,*
The Distant Wonders of Futurity;
When shall Old Time *the happy Hour disclose,*
When Europe *shall be freed from all her Woes,*
And Gallia's *Fall secure the* World's Repose?
When shall Britannic Matrons *cease to Mourn,*
And Halcyon Days, Saturnian Times *return?*

Don Diego Curioso.

A. Long hath *Britannia* groan'd beneath the Weight
And Pressure of Inexorable *Fate*;
By various Bolts assaulted from above,
Hurl'd by th'unerring Hand of Angry *Jove*;
First *Pestilence* with her Infectious Breath,
Spread round your *Isle* Inevitable Death,
Deform'd and Loathsome; next th'Incensed Pow'rs
With *Flames* consum'd *Augusta's* Beautious Towers.
Yet these aton'd not for the Flagrant Crimes,
Which had with Scarlet Tincture stain'd the Times;
Such *Vengeance* is too soft, nor force imparts
To make Impression on your Flinty Hearts;
The *Sword* must therefore through your Bowels run,
Full Twenty Revolutions of the *Sun*,
With all the Devastations *War* attend
(Too light for such, who dare like you Offend)
Nay were you all destroy'd at once, you must
With Conscious Guilt, confess the *Gods* are *Just*.
For Oh! revolve Ye *Britain's* on the Source,
From whence this *Vengeance* first deriv'd its Course.
Remember *CHARLES THE MARTYR* such a Deed!
The *Tale* wou'd make a *Tyrant's* Heart to Bleed,
Ev'n Barb'rous *Pagan's* Tremble at the Sound,
And Whisper't least the the very Air it Wound.
His *Precious Blood* still Cries to *Heav'n* aloud,
To Arm with Rolling Thunder ev'ry Cloud;
And Sheets of Blazing Light'ning, 'gainst such Men,
As dare *Resist* the *Substitute* of *Heav'n*;
And thus successive Vengeance still wou'd fall,
On your Devoted Heads, consuming all;
Were't not a *Princess*, from *His* Loins is Sprung,
By *Angels* to her Crowns and Scepters Sung:
Whose *Virtues* for our Previous Guilt attone,
And *Heav'n* appeases for our Crimes, *alone*:
Immortal *ANNA*, while her vast Success,
Does Her the *Fav'rite* of the *God's* Confess;
Ordain'd from *Threat'ned Fetters* to Release,
And give to *Europe Universal Peace*.

Rejoice Ye *Britain's*, Breath, to *Heav'n* your Praise,
See where *Saturnian Times* and *Halcyon Days*,
To Tuneful Number, Hand in Hand advance,
With Jubilation leading up the Dance;
Your *Arms* each where Victorious in the Field,
New Objects ev'ry Day of Glory yeild:
While *ANNA* there employs the Trump of *Fame*,
To Eccho round the spacious *Globe Her Name*.
At Home her *Subjects*, 's if by *Heav'n* inspir'd,
By Genuine *Loyalty* are Bravely Fir'd,
Sure *Omen*, those Propitious *Pow'rs* will Bless,
Both *Soveraign* and *Subjects* with Success;
For when our *Conscious Duty* upwards Flies,
It always draws down *Blessing* from the *Skies*.

Rejoice, the Time's at Hand, but to disclose,
And point the Hour, inducing your Repose;
Since to the *Royal Shade* it was deny'd,
Ev'n when his Bright'ned Form, was *Deify'd*,
In vain you ask; for ev'ry Destin'd State,
Is, 'till its *Birth*, lock'd in the Womb of *Fate*;

‡ *Duke of* Anjou.

The

The too Inquisitive (invite their Rods)
In Secrets, are held Sacred to the *Gods*.

SIR,

TIS advised from *Brussels*, Sept. 20. That the Letters from Madrid of the 8th Instant, import, that the Duke of Anjou had receiv'd a Letter from the Marquis de Bay, dated at Boria, the 4th, advising, that his Army began to diminish by Desertion, and that it did not consist of above 3000 Men; That the Enemy's detachment of 2000 Men under General Stanhope was advanced to Agreda to get in Corn and Money; That it had just receiv'd Orders from General Staremberg to join him with all Speed; That General was to be the 4th at Calatajud, there to rest two Days, and then march towards Madrid, where a Circular Letter was Publish'd the 7th, in which the Duke of Anjou declares that being obliged to yeild to Force, he thought fit to retire, with his Dutchess and the Titular Prince of the Asturias, to the Town of Valladolid, for which Place the Councils were likewise upon the point of setting out; That the next Day, the Duke and Dutchess of Anjou having paid their Devotions, bid Adieu to the Grandees, assuring them, that their Absence would not last above a Month or 6 Weeks; and that the Furniture of the Court should be remov'd the next Day. 'Tis advis'd from *Hague* Sept. 23. That Letters from Hanover import, that the Right Honorable the Earl of Rivers, the Queen of Great-Britain's Envoy-Extraordinary to that Court, arriv'd there the 18th in the Evening, and had his first Audience of his Electoral Highness the next Day.

London, Sept. the 20th. On Monday, the Right Honorable the Earl of Angleasea, Treasurer and Pay-Master of the Forces in Ireland, Died of a Fever. He is succeded in Honor and Estate by his Brother, the Hon. Arthur Annesley, Esq; Member of Parliament for the University of Cambridge. Sir Simon Harcourt is made Attorney-General, in the Room of Sir James Montague.

Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

WHEREAS ALL THE SETS OF THE FIRST Volume of the *BRITISH APOLLO* have been for some time dispos'd of, tho' none under 15 *s.* 6 *d.* *per* Set, Bound. The said Vol. containing about 2000 Answers to Curious Questions, in most Arts and Sciences, approv'd of by many of the most Learned and Ingenious, of both Universities and of the Royal-Society, is now Reprinting in Octavo by Subscription. The Terms are, each Subscriber to pay 2 *s.* 6 *d.* in Hand and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* on the Delivery of each Book, Neatly Bound, Gilt Edges and Letter'd on the Back, none will be Sold under 6 *s.* by Reason there will be but very few Printed more then what will be Subscribed for. *Note*, It will be Carefully Corrected, Amended and Improv'd by the Authors, that all that is Material will be Inserted. They who Subscribe for 6 Books to have a 7th Gratis, and to Booksellers their usual Allowance. Proposals may be had, and a Printed Ticket given to those who are willing to Subscribe, at Mr. *Clark's* Bookseller, in *Birchin-Lane* near the *Royal-Exchange Cornhill*, Mr. *Harbin* at the *Rose*, next Door to the *Globe Tavern* in the *Strand*, near *Charing Cross*, or of *J. Mayo* Printer hereof, over against *Water-Lane Fleet-Street*, and of the Men in their Walks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. *Roger Grant*, OCULIST, who has been so successful in Couching the Cateract and Curing all other Curable Distempers in the Eyes, lives in St. *Christopher's Church-Yard*, where he has lately brought to Sight these Persons under-nam'd. *Wil. Jones*, at *Newington-Butts*, born blind, brought to Sight in 5 minutes. *Susan Barns*, at Mr. *Haunches*, in the *Broad-way Westminster*, blind 11 Years, brought to Sight in 3 minutes. *Mary Dearing*, in *Swan-Yard* near *Newgate*, aged 75 Years, restored to Sight in one Minute. *Elizabeth Wild*, in *Bell-Alley Goswell-Street*, blind of one Eye 23 Years, restored to Sight in 5 minutes. *William Dixon*, in *Chelsea-College*, aged 87, restor'd to Sight in 5 minutes. *John Myers* on *Saffron Hill*, blind by Obstruction of the *Optick Nerves*. A Gentlewoman whose Mother lives at Justice *Constables* in *Goodman's-Fields*, the same. Mrs. *Jackson* in *Wood's-Close*, the same. Mr. *Williams*, in *Peter-Street Old-Soho*. *Anne Andrews* in *Goswell-Street*. *Saywell Lathan*, at *Adam's-Coffee-House Chancery-Lane*. *Anne Allen*, in *Nightingal-Lane*. *Anne Lee*, at the *Cross-keys* Tavern in St. *Martin's-Lane*, *Strand*. Mr. *Godby*, near *Fishmonger's-Hall*, *Thames-street*. Mr. *Heming* in *Nagshead Alley*, *Southwark*. Mr. *Langbridge*, *Saffron-Hill*. A Child of *J. Haris's* at *Islington*, blind at a month Old. Mrs. *Parlais*, in *Naked-Boy-Court* in *Bell Savage-Yard*, *Ludgate-Hill*. Mr. *Graves*, at Mr. *Spencers* in *Church-street*, *Deptford*. Mr. *Allens* Daughter at the *Dolphin* and *Comb* on *London Bridge*. *Thomas Dunmore*, in *Castle-alley* in the *Park*, *Southwark*. *William Malster*, in *Wheeler-street*, *Spittle-Fields*. *Joseph Mild*, at Mr. *Shakspear's* at *Hogsdon*. Mr. *Jones* Daughter, next Door to the 2 *Brewers* in *Monmouth-street*. *NOTE*, These with 223 others have been Cur'd since *Sept.* 1708. by the aforesaid Mr. *Grant*.

AT the Office of Insurance on Marriage, in *Bolt-Court*, *Fleet-Street*, any Person by Paying 2 *s.* for a Policy, Stamps and Entrance, and 2 *s.* towards each Marriage, until their own, when full will Secure to themselves 200 *l.* and in the mean time in Proportion. *Note*, the 2 First Claims which were made the 27th of *July*, came to no more then 37 *l.* 12 *s.* but will now amount to between 40 and 50 *l.* each, and if it Increase as it has for one Month last past, it will be full by *Lady-Day* next, wherefore all Persons who intend to enter, it will be their Interest to do it forthwith, to prevent others from Insuring on them.

At a General Meeting of the Present Subscribers at *Serjeant's-Inn Hall*, in *Fleet Street*, on *Thursday*, *August*, the 24th 1710, Six Trustees where Chosen for the Year Ensuing, to whom Real Security is given for due Performance of Articles as by the Proposals which may be had *Gratis*, at the Office, where may be seen a List of the Trustees.

A Patent under the Great Seal of England has been granted to Charles Holman in Red-Lion-Street in Southwark, for the making of his London Ink-Powder for Records. Being Most Excellent for all Persons to make their Writing-Ink as black and as strong as they please. Each Six-penny Paper makes a Pint of the best, or Pint and half, or Quart for Shopkeeper's common Writing or Marking-Ink, only by shaking or stirring it in so much Rain or River-Water; and it amends all weak and pale Ink, or Ink spoiled by the Frost. and Directions to each Paper of Powder, to prevent Ink from Freezing. 'Tis Sold by most Stationers, Booksellers and Haberdashers in and about London; and by Shop-keepers in the chiefest Cities and Towns in England. And that none may be imposed on by any false Pretenders, Cheats or Counterfeits, this only has been publickly Experienced for many Years, and Appoved for the best Ink in most parts of the World.

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